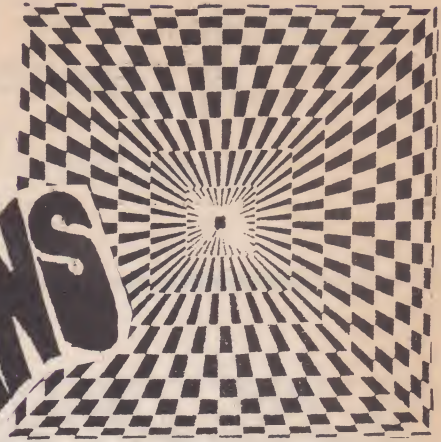


FREE

No.12 Nov.-Dec.

JERSEY
BEAT!

WALKOTIANS



Whoee!
Tripped
out!

SECRET SYDE

FREAKS
OUT!

NEXT BIG THING?
Psychedelic Rock
On Comeback Trail

By ROMAN KOZAK

NEW YORK After techno
pop runs its course and the cur-
rent "new" music becomes a little
tired, what's next? The answer
is in a return of paisley and re-
nown in a return of paisley and re-

Nick Rosa, sales representative at
Important Records. "But it also
depends on what you're talking
about." In discussing the new
psychedelia, Rosa stresses that he
isn't referring to such already es-
tablished British bands as Echo
& the Bunnymen, the Psychede-
lics and U2. Rather, he says,
"It's about new young
bands that indicate the

Billboard 8-13-83



THE
VIPERS

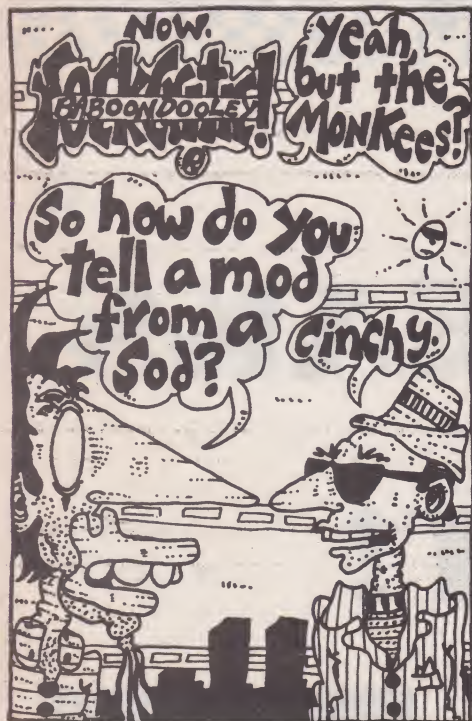


JERSEY BEAT
418 GREGORY Ave
Weehawken NJ
07087

Vol. 2 No 5

Issue 12

SHINDIG '83



- INSIDE -

EDITORIALS	PAGE 3
MALKOTIANS	4
VIPERS, FUZZTONES	5
SECRET SYDE	6
CYCLONES, "THE REBEL KIND" LP	7
FROZEN CONCENTRATE, DANNY AMIS	8
POP WORLD: PLAN 9, LAST LICKS, QED	9
CASSETTES: SMERSH, BLACK LACE	10
GROCERIES	11
	12

THANKS

Especially to Ron Rimsite and 99th Floor, the Fuzztones, and the Vipers, for artwork for this "Freak Out" issue; to all the advertisers, bands, and readers. This will be it for '83: On to 1984! MERRY CHRISTMAS

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!

STAFF

EDITOR/PUBLISHER..... JIM TESTA

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: PATTIE KLEINKE, BRUCE GALLANTER

Thanks to John Crawford for the cartoons, we'll miss ya!

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EDITORIAL

THE BEAT?

Like so much Sixties nostalgia, the so-called "Psychedelic Revival" filters half-remembered hit records and fads through the kaleidoscope of hindsight. A lot of psychedelic bands - especially the ones from California, few of which are "psychedelic" at all - could not have existed in the Sixties, and owe a far greater debt to the punk bands of the Seventies than to the garage-rock groups of 15 years ago. The Dream Syndicate's amalgam of Velvet Underground motifs and Dylanesque lyrics, the winsome power-pop of the Rain Parade, the Long Ryders, the Bangles, and the Plimsouls, the punk-rock of Green On Red: All these and more are being sold to the public as the New Psychedelia. What we see isn't so much a rebirth of a musical genre as a hype generated by music critics looking for the Next Big Thing and promoted by record companies desperate for something, anything to boost their sagging sales. Like Bob Dylan said back in the days when "psychedelic" meant something, "Money doesn't talk, it swears." And we swear we smell a rip-off coming.

The East Coast "psychedelic" movement seems to us a truer return to the values of garage-rock; low-budget independent records from hard-working club bands with the heart of Sixties rock and roll on its sleeve. This issue is dedicated to some of those bands - bands that you can dance to, bands without a message other than the expression of some very basic emotions and the exuberance of youth.

The Fleshtones sang it out loud and clear a few years ago: "Can you hear that American beat?"

Yeah.

-- A FEW WORDS FROM THE MANAGEMENT --

This issue is running a little late, due to a month-long illness suffered by the editor (just fine now, thank you). We're also starting a bi-monthly publication schedule with this issue; the change from every six weeks to every eight weeks will only mean two less issues per year, and give us a chance to put a little more effort into some of the subsidiary concerns of fanzining, like selling advertising and boosting our circulation. We still need every conceivable kind of help, so if you'd like to write for us, or sell ads, or - for heaven's sake - buy some advertising space, drop a line, pronto. Thanks for helping make 1983 so much fun - see you next year!

THE MALKOTIANS

Danny Amis



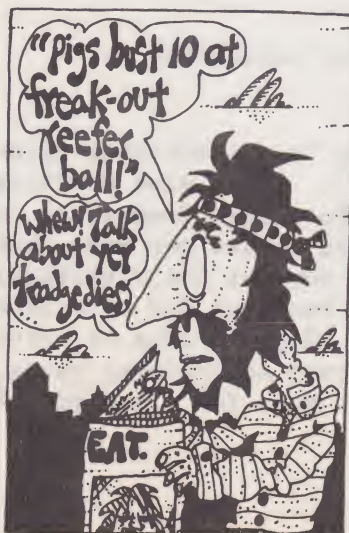
THEY COME FROM Minneapolis, San Francisco, Lyndhurst, Hoboken, and New York City. They look like they've just tumbled out of someone's garage...yeah, Capt. Kirk's garage. The Malkotians make groovy garage-rock; and after a year spent searching for a new drummer, they're finally back on the scene.

Danny Amis fronts the band; his guitar provides the ever-expanding range of effects - from surf to fuzz to psychedelic - that make the Malkotians' set a kaleidoscope of Sixties sounds. Scott Brooks sings lead and lends a hand on the Farfisa organ; Tom Sliwoski, the band's native Jerseyan, is on bass; and Jay Derrah, a transplanted San Franciscan whose credits include stints with Romeo Void and the Units, is the new drummer.

They sing about old movies and new loves, weird times and funny people. The name comes from an episode of Star Trek, circa 1967; the sound and the beat date from the same era, but the music is new. Their motto: We boldly go where no band has gone before.

The Malkotians will appear at Folk City on November 23 with the Vipers and L.A.'s Three O'Clock.

READ 99th FLOOR!



© J. M. FORD



4/5 OF THE VIPERS: JON WEISS, DAVID MANN,
PAUL MARTIN & GRAHAM MAY

THE VIPERS

The Vipers must have been born in a garage - how else could they get that sound? Their 5-song mini-LP on Plexus Records, Outta The Nest, raves it up like the Fleshtones on a hot night with stompers like "Got The Hurt" and "Dark As My Day," throws a change of pace into the mix with the groovy Mersey Beat charmer "Cheated And Lied" (who needs a Hollies reunion with new stuff like this around?), and Sixties buffs will delight in the archival "Medication," an obscure psychedelic oldie by the Standells. But the Vipers aren't just a nostalgia trip; like the Fleshtones and the Lyres, these guys rock and roll on a stage with a hip, contemporary bang. If the garage-rock revival turns into The Next Big Think, the Vipers will be New York's Next Big Band.

Jon Weiss howls like a teenage werewolf on vocals and sax, Paul Martin treble guitar carries lead, Graham May and Pat Brown keep the beat on bass and drums, and Dave Mann- the baby-faced teen idol of the band - raves it up on keyboards, harmonica, and guitar.

Get the record, see them live, have a party!

- J.T.

Welcome to the Paisley Underground: The Fuzztones were wearing Wayfarer shades and growing their hair into sheepdog bangs long before any of this garage-rock revival talk started. Now the Fuzztones are at the center of a loyal cult of Sixties retro-rockers - those time-warped fanatics who don't just play and enjoy the music, but live it. Whatever one's feelings about "Halloween Rock" - does the image make the beat? - the band (led by Rudine and Tina Peel) and their obscure originals are always in, with the psychedelic "Ward 81," in this is



CGROOVY*

by Jim Testa

Hidden Secrets/The Secret Syde
Mutha Records/PO Box 416
West Long Branch, NJ \$6.00



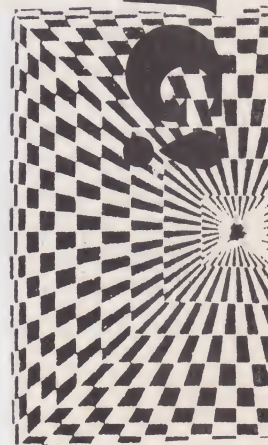
The murky fog of fuzztoned rhythm guitars spell out "psychedelic" in bright day-glo letters - the second you hear the Secret Syde, you know where they're coming from: a 1967 Acid Rock freakout happening.

Jon Davies' droning vocals and miasmic guitar noise provide the foundation for an awesomely effective psychedelic punch. Dave DeSantis' poppy bass runs riffs up & down & over the pulsing, throbbing bottom of swirling fuzzchords and Rob Angello's solid drumming. Add Steve DeVito's Hendrix-styled kaleidoscopic leads and you have one of the most potent, provocative, and original combos working the psyche-punk garage-rock revival.

The seven songs on Hidden Secrets, the Syde's debut lp, offer pounding dance-tempo punkrock ("Hurt And Pain"), mindbending feedback & soundeffects trips through psychedelia ("I See Through Your Mind"), and one long (14:25) trance-inducing jam that melds two songs, "Moonlight Marine" and "Drury Lane," and bro, this is one trip worth taking: an entrancing, melodic, cosmic tour de force that's on a par with the best of the L.A. psychepunks and better than most. And the Secret Syde put the merely revival-minded retro-rockers (like Plan 9 or the Chestenfield Kings) to shame; the Syde's sound is as new and important as U2 or the Psychedelic Furs (echoes of both can be heard here) even as it captures the mystical mushroom magic of Nuggets-y greats as the Blues Magoos and the Vanilla Fudge.

The Secret Syde are still something of a secret on the club scene; this lp, on South Jersey's Mutha Records, is well worth the \$6 and may prove more valuable by far if it succeeds in launching the Syde as a center-ring attraction in the NY/NJ psychedelic garage-rock circus.

MINDBENDING





CYCLONES

The Rebel Kind/Various Artists
Sounds Interesting Records/P.O. Box 54
Stone Harbor, NJ 08247 (\$7.00 postpaid)

This coast-to-coast compilation of the "new" psychedelia starts off with "LSD" by Philly's Sickidz, a prime example of the pseudo-nostalgic campy crap that comprises about half of the garage-rock revival. But Cut 2, the Slickee Boys' "Invisible People," only needs seven notes of its magnificent opening riff to let you know that this is The Real Thing: classic Amerockan garage rock and roll. And so it goes, back and forth, through 14 cuts, most of them with enough groovy panache to set them apart as something special. The cuts run from the familiar (True West's "Lucifer Sam") to the bizarrely obscure (Sweden's Nomads). The best shows hard-working American club bands making heartfelt rock n roll with a Sixties flavor and the sincerity of grassroots punk: Plasticland, Fuzztones, The Unclaimed, and the Long Ryders make this sampler a worthwhile pickup; buy it mailorder if you can't find it in the stores.

- J.T.

REBELS ROCK

OUT IN THE COLD

by Pattie Kleinke

Out In The Cold/The Cyclones
Plexus Records/4-song mini LP

The record that frustrated Cyclones fans have anticipated for nearly two years is finally out, and no one will be disappointed by the results.

Producer Mark Abel has done a commendable job producing (not over-producing) the Cyclones' minimalist guitar/bass/drums/vocals sound, using just enough tricks to keep things interesting.

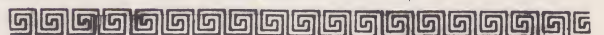
The four songs here, all written by singer/guitarist Donna Esposito, should be familiar to fans of the band. That finetuned pop sound from the Sixties returns on tunes like "Face To Face," with its cool spoken interlude; "Catch 22," with its Byrds-y intro; the innocence in the lyrics of "Too Young To Know;" and the bouncy beat that never stops in "I'm In Heaven."

Esposito, Marc Seligman (bass), and Dan Reich (drums) have developed over the years into serious contenders about the pop bands that hang out at Maxwells; what sets the Cyclones apart is Donna's twangy surf guitar and her high, breathy vocals. It's a sound unique to the Cyclones, even if it does mine the same musician mother lode as the dBs and the Bongos.

And oh yeah, my brother the deejay sez, "She's got a cute voice."



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Echoes Of The '60's

Folk-Rock

"Girls"/"Arabic Harem"

Frozen Concentrate/Melted Productions

511 Raritan Ave., Highland Park, NJ (\$2.50)

It would seem unlikely for Frozen Concentrate to produce another single as magical as their first effort of earlier this year, but "Girls" is a worthy effort on more than a few counts. It is unusually diverse in subtle ways, a refreshing mixture of danceably uptempo folk/rock, distinctive (and occasionally quavering) female vocal harmonies, and an appropriate late-Sixties fuzztone guitar sound; even some funky bass and percussion in parts. And a memorable hooky chorus to boot!

Although the melody has a positive feel, the lyrics reflect a biting view of a world in which men are concerned with only one thing - pretty girls. Sad, but true. Someone like Patti Smith might cover this song with a voice filled with rage, but FC's Tina Maschi lends the song an ironic gaiety.

"Arabic Harem" is another strange brew, a collection of incongruent influences. The main riff is a funky variation on that famous Bo Diddley signature. The guitar, which dominates, is pure Cream-era Clapton. While the vocals remind me of early Grace Slick, the lyrics are from the pseudo-psychedelic school of questionable content. Oddly interesting - but like a lot of neo-psychedelia, also dated.

- Bruce Gallanter

Surf-Rock

"Whiplash!"/Danny Amis

Coyote Records/P.O. Box 112 Uptown

Hoboken, NJ 07030 (\$5.00)

Danny Amis knows surf music, and there doesn't seem to be anything he can't do with a guitar (except keep a beat; for that, he's recruited drummer Walter Grater). Amis, the ex-Raybeat, recorded these 5 tracks over a year ago, shortly after leaving the 'beats (for whom these songs were written but never used). Each of the cuts has an identifying riff - a strong twangy melody on top of the mix - that sets it apart and gives it life (unlike the samey-sounding rhythm tracks of Love Tractor, whose songs always sound like background music waiting for the vocals).

This isn't surf music as you know it from Dick Dale or the Ventures, and this isn't a dance record (although cuts like "Gray's Bay Girls" are dancey enough). "Whiplash" could be the theme from a spaghetti western, and cuts like "Malkotian Satellites" and "G Man" showcase Amis' wide-ranging command of guitar effects and Sixties musical idioms: surf, psychedelic, acoustic, fuzztone, you name it. If nothing else, Whiplash! augurs well for Amis' new band, the Malkotians, where those talents will back a Sixties-oriented neo-psychedelic sound (with vocals).

(The Malkotians will appear at Maxwell's Nov. 11th and Folk City on Nov. 23rd.)

- Jim Testa

pop world

3 Disks

by Patty K



When writing about the groovy psychedelic Sixties or Eighties, no column would be complete without a mention of the King of Garage-Rock, WFMU-FM's Bill Kelly. From approximately 12:30 to 4 p.m. every Sunday afternoon, Mr. Kelly freaks out with the best of both decades. I can honestly say that he has turned me on to 80% of the records I've bought in the last year. Let's start with one of Mr. Kelly's prime psychedelic platters:

"5 Years Ahead Of My Time," Plan 9 (Whiplash Records, 150 Gorman St., Naugatuck, CT.)

Plan 9, from the Nutmeg State, puts aside its usual 3-guitar attack in favor of a softer guitar-and-more-upfront-organ sound that AOR fans may associate with the Doors. Great garage-punk vocals ala' Sky Saxon. The song, which clocks in at a mere 8:14 (but sounds a lot shorter, owing to the "time flies when you're freaking out" principle), takes up both sides of the disk, which makes it tough on all you disco deejays out there. Fans of the Lyres (who - surprise, surprise - have been getting airplay on WLIR) should really enjoy this one. This sleeve is even a trip and a half. I played with it the entire time I had the flu.

"Love 'Em And Leave 'Em"/"Whoops"
Q.E.D./Stonehenge Records
299-4 Ridgedale Ave., Hanover, NJ

Yes lives! Actually, "Love 'Em" shapes up to be a pretty good song: Smooth, clear female vocals, nice beat, and neat lyrics like "Welcome to the human zoo/There's animal me and decadent you." Piano, rather than synth, is featured on both sides.

"Whoops" adds a harmonica and takes a satirical swipe at relationships in which the man is apparently a bastard: "Whoops, there goes the little woman now/But he wants her to stay." He shoulda thought of that sooner.

"Kiss Me With the Lights On"/"Second Chance"/"Somebody Like You"/ "Love Is A Stranger"
Stonehenge Records (see above for address)

Last Licks, a five-woman band from Central Jersey, is not the Runaways or the Go Gos - more like a Sixties Anne Murray. Their 2 singles are well made, the musicianship is fine, but the middle of the road style leaves me cold. Best touches: "Kiss Me"'s nice "Needles And Pins" guitar riff, and "Who Can It Be Now"'s sax. But that's about it.



Last Licks

Send your pop records, lps, tapes, and singles to Pattie K's "Pop World," c/o Jersey Beat, 418 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, NJ 07087, and make her tap her toes!

by Bruce Lee Gallanter

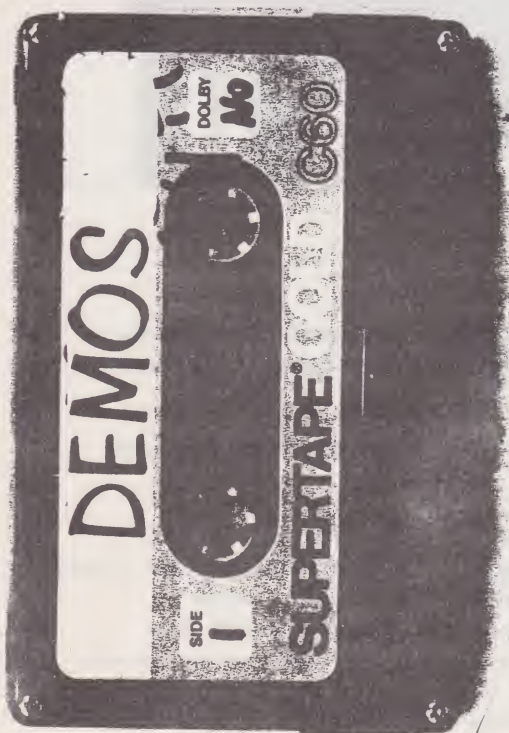
Caracas/Hothouse Bodies In A Cool Culture
2 cassette-only releases
SMERSH/c/o Chris Shepard
317 William St., Piscataway, NJ 08854 (\$3.00 each)

Strangely enough, No Wave seems to be finding a home in the Garden State. There seems to be more of it around than usually meets the ear. Last year, I was intrigued by a cassette from Hoboken's Solomonoff & Van Hoffmannstahl. This year's surprise comes from Piscataway, two cassettes of avant-electronic weirdness by Smersh. Well done efforts, graced by excellent artwork, these tapes were made by 3 or 4 musicians utilizing cheap synthesizers, electric bass, a rhythm machine of some sort, sound effects, and synthesized vocals. The rhythm device is the heart of the beast, and the success of many of these tracks depends on its use and abuse.

"Caracas", the first tape, is more diverse and more effective for this reason. "The Exorcissy" is very eerie, with provocative percussion (unusual for Smersh), wailing bass, and totally distorted vocals. The sound effects change constantly, but it all fits. "New Mobile Suite" juxtaposes 3 ideas nicely - jumping between the melody, the rhythmic scheme, and the synth-induced trance. "Promiscuity At The Palisades" should be out on a 45, driven by its happening fat dance groove, a Joy Division-like evil smile and grip.

The second tape, "Hothouse Bodies...", is less successful and often plagued by misuse of the drum machine. More danceable perhaps, but who is going to dance to this? "XXX Going On L" reminds me of Cabaret Voltaire or Throbbing Gristle, with its disturbing mass of feedback (?) noise. "...Shadow" has a hypnotic groove, but is mostly truly alien sounding. They even cover "The Hustle," a Residents-like spoof that's clever but a bit too long.

SMERSH



BLACK LACE

"On The Attack"/Black Lace
c/o Bob Reich Entertainment
632 Warburton Ave. #4A
Yonkers, NY 10701

This 5-song cassette showcases Black Lace, one of the area's hardworking original heavy-metal bands. You get the standard package with this bunch - shag haircuts, ultra-tight outfits, a sexy lead singer (Maryann Scandiffio), and a collection of interchangeable headbanging numbers informed by all the usual h/m cliches and a deepseated case of playing it safe. The local heavy-metal scene looks to be showing its teeth and making itself felt as part of the state's pop-music matrix - but it'll take sharper songwriting and more risktaking than Black Lace seems able or willing to show to make much of an impact.

- J.T.

GROCERIES/The Groceries
RD3 Records

cold cuts

With so many bands sounding like Lou Reed in his Velvets days, it's refreshing to find a combo that would rather be mistaken for John Cale; refreshing, but not necessarily fun. Princeton's Groceries are a hard-working club band and their live rep ranks them as one of Jersey's bona fide "best bets," but on record - and especially on this e.p. - their control and precision strips their music of any sense of feeling or emotion. With a jazz-oriented base, the Groceries' material incorporates nuances of reggae, funk, and contemporary "adult rock"; lead singer Rich "Lather" Morse's voice resembles Cale's in its chilly articulation and timber. Andy Gomory's cocktail lounge piano adds a nice touch and the lyrics - by Morse - often strive for a nonchalant wit - although I don't find anything here, even the obviously tongue in cheek "Intelligentsia Junkie" - amusing. Without warmth or feeling, no amount of musicianship can make a band: The Groceries' music is to rock and roll what naugahyde is to the smell and feel of real leather. -J.T.

Groceries



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THE



BEAT

--- "A PSYCHEDELIC CALENDAR" ---

NOVEMBER 19th: The Mosquitoes, Mod Fun - The Dive, 8th Ave. @ 29th St., NYC

Yet another of the Dive's "Psychedelic Weekends," regular events that the Psyche-Punk clique makes this the most sympathetic club to the garage-rock movement. This show features fabled Sixties veterans the Mosquitoes and those nifty post-Jam suburban teens, Mod Fun, in a battle of the bands that'll also be a battle of the generations.

NOVEMBER 23rd: 3 O'Clock, The Malkotians, the Vipers - Folk City, 3rd St. @ 6th Ave. NYC.

"Music For Dozens," the Wednesday night concert series at Folk City, has bought most of the great garage-rock combos - from the Fleshtones to the Wombats to the Dream Syndicate to the Velvet Monkeys, a national potpourri of psychedelia - to NYC at a \$3 cover and reasonable hours. What more could you ask? Well, how about this triple bill - one of L.A.'s poppiest and hottest new acts and two of localdom's best rock n roll bands!

LOCAL STUFF: The dBs finally have a producer for their long-delayed Bearsville lp: Chris Butler, of the Waitresses. No truth to the rumor that Peter Holsapple is learning to play sax...Two Hudson County combos have called it quits: Hoboken's pop/punk/country/rockabilly Kinetics, and Wind At Night, the supreme Afro/Cuban percussive ensemble. Expect Wind At Nighters Jerry, Bob, and Tony to resurface in a new band soon while their erstwhile percussionist Greg matriculates at Rutgers U.

NEW YORK ROCKER will be back and maybe as soon as January...Rock critic Iman Bedadedi has purchased the rights and has hired on the Village Voice's John Morthland as editor... Most of the new staff will be drawn from the arty boho afterhours set at the East Village Eye (where Bedadedi is currently a contributing editor). Former Rocker editor/publisher Andy Schwartz (who still owes yours truly money from when he was running the mag) will serve as consultant to get things rolling; or is that Rolling Stoned?

UNCLE FLOYD is back, which is even better news...The new show features the same cast and format as when Floyd was seen on Channel 68; New Jersey Network, the PBS stations on Channels 23, 50, 52, and 58, broadcast Floyd at 7:30 and 11 p.m. every weeknight, so both the kiddie audience and Floyd's older, hipper fans can catch the show.

"Mavis"/"Maryland"
Moot/47 Bond Street, NYC 10012

Moot is the percussive combo, formerly from Rutgers but now apparently relocated in New York City and finally represented on vinyl with this independently released 45. Like their brethren, Liquid Liquid (another band with Rutgers roots), Moot relegates melody and lyrics to the back burner and turns up the heat on the beat. But the singing here is stronger than L/L's Sal Principato's unstructured whining and the lyrics more discernible. "Mavis" is sung in French, making the words little more than percussive devices themselves, augmenting the seductively romantic beat and tune; the percussion - drums, bells, and the like - have a heavy tribal beat; Charles Aznavour goes to the Congo, maybe? "Maryland" is a bit more tuneful, with plaintive lyrics and a throbbing urgency. A lighter touch and a little more tempo wouldn't hurt either of these cuts, but certainly this debut single augurs well for Moot.

- Jim Testa

MOOT



CROSSFIRE Choir

"Disappointment"/"What's It To Ya?"
Crossfire Choir/P.O. Box 1331
Highland Park, NJ 08904 (\$3.00)

The name fits. Although these oddly attired, transplanted Floridians of cool white funk have settled in the Edison/Highland Park area, one would never guess from their sound that they were anything but British. The band's first (and, so far, only) single is a bit more esoteric than the group's current sound. "What's It To Ya?" was cut when the band was only a duo (guitar and synth), with affective fuzz-guitar, arresting double-tracked vocals, and a hip dance groove. "Disappointment" features some more groovin' rhythms, with distinctive vocals; reminiscent of Peter Gabriel or Stevie Winwood. It has child-like lyrics that ring true, like a memory held. The unique cover art on the sleeve features a dancing cossack caught mid-air with his sickle raised!

Crossfire Choir have been gigging regularly at CBGB and in New Brunswick, plying their dance groove, strong vocals, and hot rhythm team. The keyboards are most direct and colorful, and shape the direction of the combo's well-written original songs. At a recent Veteran's Day bill at Patrix, the Choir combined forces with their cohorts, the Young Turks, at the end of the show, with both bands jamming on stage in full battle gear... Crossfire Choir has a positive energy about them, all too rare in these times of turbulence.

- Bruce Lee Gallanter

Beholder from 14

And the underground scene is seething with bands with which I am familiar but which are still generally unknown; bands that are very disorienting, disturbing... psychedelic. The Young Turks, with 3 fine singles on their own label, and Regressive Aid, with their own recently released mini-lp, have been gigging a good deal lately. Check them out. And another personal favorite, the Mopeds, have been in limbo of late, but also fit into this category.

PUNSTER RADIO

"Steven Spielberg"/"Nat'l Punster Radio"
The Punsters/Rosebud Records
148 Somerset St. #D-1, New Brunswick 08901

Jersey's resident lampoonists, the Punsters, have a funny little single here, an offshoot of their fine work for National Public Radio. The A-side is a humorous ode to multi-millionaire Steven Spielberg to share some of his dough, and the B-side is a 9-minute radio sketch, in the style of Firesign Theater, in which Bob Kaplow's "Moe Moskowitz" character spearheads NPR's annual fundraising campaign by trying to sell movie ideas to Spielberg. Lots of laughs. -J.T.

CROSSFIRE Choir

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appearing:

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DEC 9 - PATRIX - NEW BRUNSWICK

The first system of the musical score for 'The Little Boat' consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a melody starting with a quarter note G4, followed by a triplet of eighth notes (A4, B4, C5), and then a quarter note D5. The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains a bass line starting with a quarter note G3, followed by a triplet of eighth notes (A3, B3, C4), and then a quarter note D4. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first staff of music for 'The Rose Tree' is in 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts on a whole note G4, followed by a half note F4, and then a quarter note E4. A triplet of eighth notes (D4, C4, B3) is marked with a '3' below it. The staff continues with a half note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. A double bar line is followed by a 6/8 time signature change. The melody continues with a half note E3, a quarter note D3, and a half note C3. Another double bar line is followed by a 3/4 time signature change. The final measure consists of a half note B2 and a quarter note A2.

Psychedelia, by definition, bares the soul and produces an altering effect, with or without drugs. When "psychedelic" music first was created (circa 1966), many of us were years away from experimenting with drugs - but this music had a deep effect even then. It pushed the barriers of rock music to a new extreme, alienated many but captivated many (freaks) as well; psychedelia became a religious experience for some. By the end of the Sixties, just about every important rock band had gone through their Psychedelic Phase, from the Beatles, Who, and Stones, to the Monkees and the Beach Boys, to Motown bands like the Supremes and the Temptations. And unlike the Seventies, when experimental music was relegated to cultdom, most of this music was heard on commercial AM and FM radio.

Except for a handful of survivors (the Dead, Pink Floyd, Gong, and Funkadelic...), this type of music pretty much died out by the mid-Seventies. Psychedelic rock n roll was replaced by progressive rock - Yes, King Crimson, Roxy Music, and their countless imitators. By the time punk/new wave entered the picture in '77, rock/pop music had an extensive history to draw from; so as the punks trimmed down the bloated progressive rock of the Seventies and were rediscovering rock n roll, a renewed interest in psychedelic music developed. But this area of rock music - this new psychedelic or garage rock - is only one area of contemporary rock music; it's not all consuming, as it was in the Sixties, and it rarely gets on the radio.

The new psychedelic cult seems divided into two factions: There are those who feel that "real" psychedelia only comes from bands that try to reproduce the exact feeling and look of the Sixties; bands like the Chesterfield Kings and the Fuzztones. Strange clothes, Beatle haircuts, and light shows often accompany these bands' performances. Lots of psychedelic compilation lps have turned up too, recently, featuring these "Back To The Sixties" movement bands; occasionally captivating, but rarely original, and too often empty-headed.

With the rock scene more bleak and complascent than it's been since before the punk-rock boom of '77, rock music once again needs a grassroots "garage" movement to shock the system. A number of bands have emerged utilizing the mind-altering effects of psychedelia, and most of them sound different from one another. Few are totally dedicated to any ideal of "psychedelia," like the retro-rock bands, either. But the power of these new groups is undeniable. The first wave of these bands didn't even acknowledge the term "psychedelic," yet I hear that effect unmistakably in '77 Bowie, Television, the Furs, Pere Ubu, and more recently, the Dream Syndicate and many others.

I see this sound growing selectively as well. New Jersey has produced a number of bands capturing this effect: The Phosphenes approached it from an electric/avantist angle. There are the Malkotians and the Secret Syde, two bands I look forward to hearing in great depth. I hear these elements in the Bongos, who are more concerned with strong melodies and rhythms, and in the Feelies, who are more concept-conscious.

(Continued on previous page.)